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THE PITTSBURGH COMMERCIAL,

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CRADLE SONGS.

Sleep, my childie, sleep,
If the hush of evening deep?
Gone the not long lingering weight
From where rests the drop-shod's dream
While the tired eyes by the hand stream.

Sleep, my childie, sleep,
Fresh news of twilight creep
Through folded tree-moss'ng antine,
Stealthily, harebell-ain and thine,
All open the large white bugles shine.

Sleep, my childie, sleep,
The creep-plants creep
Through skies trading purple over
Yet mine look foliaged overhead
Till there's where sings the hawk-bird knows.

Sleep, my childie, sleep,
The drowsy birdies keep
More to nurse than the encumbrance note,
The dove's low plaint hath ceased to float,
Sweet brakes flutter in and out.

Sleep, my childie, sleep,
The evening's dew drops slip
Our bower's home sinkable bloom,
Hush so the bee's hum is not to the hum
I hear the velvet hornet boom.

Sleep, my childie, sleep,
Where meadow grass is deep,
Nor yet ices loosen the fragrant hay,
The crake is calling, for and away
Where wee corn mellows every day.

Sleep, my childie, sleep,
You pine rose skies must keep
Some shine of faint day's dearly bells,
While eve and I, wofu'est vowels
Of close or open aerial cells.

Sle p, my childie, sleep,
I wain me breath can steep
All the land or ocean hallowed rest;
Beneath for resting toward she west,
Hush seas of absolute repose be mist.

Sleep, my childie, sleep,
Rare ones there swallow sweep
Now in wet pools for organ-piping
Nor o'ange—such—that cape supplies
While the dam greets with twittering cries.

Sleep, my childie, sleep,
Else soft this is apt to creep
Below the eaves from cattle nest
Whilst mine are from the feathers prest,
Lined warm for many a downy breast.

Sleep, my childie, sleep!
Your coslow dedgings peep
No more, the sweet of sleep bring
Whose darkness refer to them can bring
The morning's shelter'd seas.

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Our earth born clouds must weep
Their rain in on by stalking trees
I only pay my child may know
Her Father's wing is as shadows throw:
Thine ever rest and sleep!
ROBBS NOEL.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE FASHIONS.

In Winter Quarters—Reminiscences of the Fall Styles—A New Fan and Head-Dress—Winter Mantillas—The Pamela Bonnet—Dresses, Ornaments, etc.

PARIS, October 19. "Home, home, sweet home." The tune and the words to the above old song have been running through my head ever since I took up my usual quarters yesterday in a comfortable winter snuggery I have not far from the Boulevard. Yesterday it was that I hung up my roving and picnic insignia on their window pegs. These articles were this prime bag, a spenstock, a small French horn, a game bag, a racing belt, gaunlets, of course, in case of provocation, and, readers —must I say it?—a mosquito bar. Should not have mentioned the latter, only there it is, hanging among my fishing rods, above my writing table. When I cast a glance up towards the shelf devoted to heroism and it sweth times I dip my porcelain quill to the bottom of my inkstand in search of a bit or two.

But heroic courage is one of those exodies that brings no other pleasurable associations along with it beyond that enthusiasm which arises in the consciousness of having been very grand, whereas my quill my long-cherished pen and weapon, has procured the only real enjoyments I have ever felt. If were thoroughly France-civilized, I should say, of course, say that the joys I experience while talking about clothes to your readers are beyond the power of any known vernacular to convey; but I am afraid that such a high state of refinement flavors somewhat of the corrupt on.

As to my alpenstock, it reminds me of the last p ep I took into the satin conversation at Bobo's, to which brilliantly illuminated assembly-room I counted six gentlemen and three ladies in full dress. They were all sitting along their walls on big stiff chairs, and looked as solemn as people do in dentists' parlors while waiting, in self-commune, till it is their turn to be operated on. Such was the last I cared to see of tall styles this year; and now for our winter insignia.

I should begin with the Spanish fan, which is to be carried in the hand. It was never modest fans were before, only I have the newest, prettiest Spanish head dress to post that ever a Castilian with southern skin, bl ished and pouting cherry lips could have dreamed of.

High life is coming out in mantillas this winter. Our present Neapolitan roof, its acc mplice, is to be worn so that it was—that is, just a discernible square, a mere pretense for a foundation on which to place a flower over one ear, and the mantilla on the top. The latter is worn like a veil over the face, but no lower down than the chin, then over the chignon behind, and be drawn over the shoulders, but will finally be fastened together with a flower to match the one of the catalan. Nothing can be more becoming. The ears and neck of high life will be protected, and the cold numbers of the will be able to draw a veil over their wrinkles, which they certainly have not done since they adopted the juvenile open shapes as if they were just leaving the cocoa.

There are Pamela bonnets, with little round crowns, fanchon style; but the Marie Antoinettes are the pride of our best milliners. The rose is worn in full bloom, yet green leaves on the top, over tulle, are the full dress bonnets of this season.

As the bodies of our dresses are to be cut somewhat low, necklaces and necklets have necessarily had to be pondered over; for not every lady who will insist on wearing Vandyke collars can boast of a swanlike, down-y throat. Gold or chrom. ament is made of narrow ribbon, either velvet or taffeta: it is tied on with long ends behind; but in front it assigns a velvet flower. let me propose a flat heartsease, under which are sewn two ends, as if the flowers were a bow. On each of these two ends two more heartsesses, making a group of five flowers. This is more pretty than any brooch, conceals a good deal, and is warm and tasteful.

Another new trifle—and trifles I never look over, for they give the finish and style to the plainest toilet—is the new set of velvet earrings and brooch, which is much prettier for winter wear than the fashionable flower pattern.

There is a soft hue on velvet ball earrings which accomoanies the natural down on the cheek. They are light, not expensive, and glossy. Enamelled earrings are going on gold, or rather gilt hoops, match any bonnet or dress; but black velvet is more *distingue*.

Another trimming that does not require any very serious recommendation, as it speaks for itself, is the ponponette rose ribbon. It will be worn for hair bands, and is made of small round floss balls on narrow ribbon. Pink, in all its shades, is the favorite pompon. At a distance these little round tufts look like real miniature roses.

The splendor of our jet passementeries and gimn ornaments can be described, though all the French sat ns cannot. but I do not think they can be surpassed. The richest trimmings for velvet and cloth casaques are rosettes, from which hang long cord loops, such as the military Hungarians have dangling about their rigging. The loops end in pendents, which are either long, round, or oval. I must not forget to mention the new fringe in this series. It is made of a beaded passementerie heading, from which dice hang, each die being worked with cut jet beads. Its beauty consists in the way it stands out on the velvet, for the dice hang in the diamond direction, not square, and they are in perpe ual motion.

The "velvet cross" for the neck, the "river galaxy," which is a ribbon flowing down with steams of cut jet; the new belt, which is a band to be sown on the waist, and which has twelve jet ribbon pendents equally sewn on the skirt, are this week's wonders.

Rosettes are placed everywhere, even on the front of Tudor hats, which are very much worn on the demi-toilet account of the ever-encroaching chignons.

HOW PARCHMENT IS MADE.—Parchment is made of the skins of sheep and lambs: though that kind which is used for the heads of drums is made of the skins of goat skins. Vellum is a finer, smoother, white kind of parchment, made of the skins of young calves. The mode of preparation is: First take off the hair or wool, then steep in lime, and afterwards stretch it very firmly on a wooden frame. When thus fixed, it is scraped with a blunt iron tool wetted, and rubbed with chalk and pumice-stone; and these scrapings and rubbings are repeated several times, on each side of the skin, till it is fit for use. Parchment was employed in very ancient times; and it is curious that, from about the seventh to the tenth century, it was beautiful, white, and good; but that in later times a very inferior, dirty-looking parchment was made, which has the appearance of being much older than the new. The reason for this is supposed to be that the writers in those latter centuries used to prepare their own parchment; while at an earlier date, it was a curious art, only possessed by the manufacturers. Parchment was so rare and scarce that great numbers of the older manuscripts were erased with pumice-stone, or the ink rubbed out with some chemical substance, in order that they might be used again for writing purposes. —*Hide and Leather Interest.*

NO BAPTIST CHURCH IN PARIS.—The Rev. A. H. BURDINGHAM, D. D., a distinguished Baptist clergyman of this city, officiated in the American chapel at Paris during the last summer, writes to us that there is no English or American Baptist Church in Paris and that the idea of having one there has never been entertained.

THE PULPIT.

A SERMON.

Recedite; Non Est Enim Mortua; Sed Dormit.

The Death of Man the Result of a Positive Constitution of Heaven—A Sermon Preached in Grace Church, St. Washington, on Occasion of the Decease of Mrs. P. A. McMillan, by David G. Page, D. D.—Published by Request.

It is appointed unto men once to die.—*Epistle to the Hebrews* 9c. 27c.

Death, my brethren, is not the mere payment of a debt we owe to nature. It is not an absolute physical necessity. It is not an occurrence which would have inevitably taken place under any conceivable contingency in the moral condition of man. On the contrary, while man's melancholy fall, the race has become subject to death, and to all the evils which precede and accompany it, by virtue of a positive constitution of heaven. It is appointed unto men once to die, and, accordingly, the leaves of Autumn do not more certainly deeby than do the successive generations of men descend into the tomb. Where is the man to be found who has conversed with one generation after another, witnessed the transactions of whole centuries, and who now walks through the ranks of the living in all the glow and buoyancy of his earliest prime? It may be that in the progress of science, man may discover the art of prolonging the term, and of increasing the comfort of his existence, but it is the fiat of the Almighty Potentate, that *die he must*, and the alternative of his averting death, is forbidden by the peremptory, the irrevocable sentence of, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." This awful reality, my brethren, is thus brought home to the business and bosoms of us all. The period will soon or late inevitably come, when you and I shall go down to the grave, and when as the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so we shall return no more to our earthly houses, neither shall our place know us any more. My imagination carries me forward to the hour of your departure and mine. I see each mourning person more before me stretched upon his dying couch. They writhe with agony; the eye fast loses its lustre; the whole expression changes; the respiration becomes more difficult; the pulse almost ceases to vibrate, and the spirit is set free. A concourse of friends assemble to attend our remains to the grave; the survivors take a last look; the funeral train moves to the church; the coffin is lowered into the earth; ashes are given to ashes, dust to dust, and leaving us sorrowfully to our sepulchral sleep, the attendants return to their respective dwellings.

And the *hour* of our departure is just as uncertain as the *fact* is inevitable. It is wrapped in the veil of an impenetrable futurity. God only knows it with full surprise us; whether in the morning, the midday, or the decline of life; in the bustle of business, or in the hour of amusement; in the excitement of our wakening moments, or the subdued and tranquil season of sleep. The last messenger may even now be on the wing and before another day of the Lord shall have dawned upon the world, some of you, my beloved, may be sleeping in death, and my voice be hushed in the unbroken silence of the grave. The law of mortality, moreover, is a universal law. Youth, beauty, genius, wealth, position, none of these distinctions, none of the advantages of life, form any security against the assault of death. Youth is not exempted from its appalling stroke. There is a confiding simplicity, a careless vivacity, in the early day of life, which captivates all hearts, and which we do not look for at a more advanced period. The intelligent mark the generous spirit of the young, with delighted eagerness; the pious watch their rising devotion with tremulous solicitude. Their virtues are dwelt upon with enthusiasm, their errors are regarded with commiseration and indulgence. The strong love to take them under their protection; the weak to look upon them for support; the aged to receive them into their homes, the learned to afford them their patronage, and the devout to animate them by their counsels. Thus when one of these young prayer in the midst of all its freshness and loveliness, and gaiety, and when its bosom beats high with hope, and it fondly dreams that no spoiler will be permitted to come away to the dark land of silence and oblivion. But death regards not beauty's softest, noblest attractions. He loves to quench the sparkle of the most beautiful eye, to deprive the sweetest lip of its ruby, and to change the bloom and freshness of the carnation into the livid hue of decay. Where is the world's beauty who, a certain day ago, figured in the festive circles of fashion and of gaiety? Ah! she has disappeared forever, no more to grace the drawing-room, or the assembly. She sleeps in some quiet corner of yonder cemetery, together with the crowd that once followed in her wake, and emblazoned her name.

There is a magic about genius; who is not compelled to bow before the majesty of commanding intellect? When an individual has called forth his applause from that might of mind, which can call from every department of nature and society treasures of thought and imagery; which can anatomize the human heart, trace the various passions and affections of which it is composed, and present to the view of man a perfect portraiture of himself; which can deduce lessons of wisdom and philosophy from the history of the past, and dart forward with prophetic glance into the future; which can fascinate a multitude by the eloquence of its appeals, or sway them by the power of its reasonings, and which by its wondrous fidelity to nature and truth can make "the whole world kin?"

But death respects not the loftiest genius. The philosopher, and the poet, and the eloquent orator, are laid as low as the humblest of his power. No elevation of intellect can awe him into subjection; no brilliancy of talent turn him from his purpose. No distinction in life can exempt from his stroke the honorable and the ignoble, the conqueror and the conquered, the wise and the simple, the thoughtless and the sedate, the man of business and the man of pleasure—all, all must bow before his scepter—all, all be subjected to his unrelenting power.

But, in view of these considerations, the question naturally suggests itself: What are the *consequences* which follow our departure from the world? Death dissolves connexions, but it does not annihilate living world. It separates us from all our most cherished connexions; defeats the best laid schemes of commercial enterprise and ambition, terminates the pursuits of business, and terminates the enjoyments of life, and with regard to all earthly things causes us to be as though we had never been. The sun still rises, and sets, and will shine upon our sepulchres; the moon shall walk in brightness, but her beams shall be reflected from our tombs; the birds shall warble their sweet melody, and the prospects of nature rise in all their magnificence and beauty, but our eyes shall be closed, and our ears shut upon all impressions.

But these are not the only, the final consequences of death. Death is not the extinction of our being, but the suspension of its powers. We are to receive an allotment of condition, in conformity to our conduct and character in "the life that now is," among the nations has a sentiment prevailed that there is a world beyond the grave and this sentence, therefore must be either a relic of original revelation, or a deduction of the universal reason of man.

But Holy Scripture places this momentous doctrine in the clearest and most conclusive light. It is appointed unto men once to die, "but after this, and after this, the Judgment. "The hour is coming," says our Savior, "when all that are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth." Every thing has done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation." And the apostle Paul says, "We must all stand before the judgement seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." What immeasurable importance then attaches to the death of man. Such an event may involve the most important consequences to the universe. It may deprive a large and helpless family of protection and support. It may take from age its last prop, and from affliction its last solace; may cause

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

WISDOM FROM ADVERSITY—REMARKABLE CHANGE OF FRONT.

The Chicago *Times*, the leading Copperhead paper of the West, the Simon Pure Democratic Pharisee exponent, of the strictest sort, proposes to give an exhibition of ground and lofty tumbling in the political arena—to commence with a most astounding and unparileled somerset to be performed by the whole Democratic party. We give the show bill entire in another column of the COMMERCIAL this morning.

The question proposed is, "Shall the Democratic party die or live?" We answer, with whatever of consolation the reply may furnish, it shall not *die*, for it has been and ever since it took position, six years ago, decidedly against the interest, safety and honor of the Union. Neither shall it *live*, for according to the prescription of its learned doctor, the *Times*, its *only* chance lies in *getting the ground* of the Republican party, and that is possible only by ceasing to be the Democratic party and merging in the Republican.

We give the *Times* credit for its discernment—though not much for its integrity—in the course which it proposes. It is a plain case, that "never before has the Democratic party encountered events so seriously affecting its future vitality," but it is not quite so plain how, if its numbers are undiminished, it could be so badly beaten, as it has been, on a great national issue. Indeed it shows a small lack both of pluck and *honesty* to do what the *Times* proposes, that is, to give up opinions which they believed and still believe "wholly right," and adopt those of the opposition which they believe "wholly wrong." While we give the *Times* and its faction credit for a little wisdom, in its proposition, we must still say, it has been rather slow in coming to it, and we must further say, it might have made less exposure of its unblushing dishonesty, or have, at least, accompanied it with some little show of repentance. It takes square ground for negro suffrage—supposing that to be the charm that has given the Republican party its success—and, wonderful to tell, expects to "kill the worst political party that ever existed on the globe"—such is its emphatic and complimentary language—by the simple process of adopting its principles, and taking what is supposed to be its precise grounds.

The blame of the late inglorious defeat of the Democratic party is charged upon ANDREW JOHNSON—poor ANDREW, we were going to say, who has had a hard time of it since he fell into the company of his Democratic flatterers. And the first step in the programme offered by the *Times*, is to get clear from the "hybrid concern"—its meaning, we suppose, the Conservative organization, which the *Times* justly says has fallen into "public contempt." We cannot but notice here, that the two factions, dramatically combined at Philadelphia on the 14th of August, have come to understand each other at about the same moment, and very appropriately at once to commence the process of kicking each other down stairs—as a becoming sequel to the hugging scene of the above date. Both factions have discovered rather late in the day that with well informed parties, that "hybrids" do not breed and multiply. And our Monday's COMMERCIAL, we recognized the longing looks of the one of these dis-consolate factions toward its staunch old friend the Republican party, and now, we behold, not without some surprise, the other, a hereditary enemy, looking wistfully and woefully in the same direction.

But we must, in candor to our disheartened Chicago contemporary and the party it represents, suggest, that its programme is not free from difficulties. Even by hitching teams with ANDREW JOHNSON, they could not turn the current of public opinion up stream, they have still less chance of success in their present project. In the first place, the flattering game so unhappily successful for a time with the President, is played out. Secondly, the experiment has proved that the Democratic party has earned a name and fame, with the loyal people of the United States, that is heavy enough to sink any organization that might embody it. Third, if consistancy was of any account with them, they ought to blush at the proposition made, which is, according to the *Times*, to abandon MR. JOHNSON and his policy which they "still believe to be wholly right," and, for the sake of party ascendency—party above everything, being the motive shamelessly avowed—to take principles which they still believe to be wholly wrong and to assume the very position of a party which they affirm to be the worst on the globe. If negro suffrage is to be the talisman of success, as the *Times* anticipates, the past record of the Democrats on that point and on all points relating to the negro, will doom them, whatever their professions, to endless infamy. But, fourthly, the grand difficulty of the *Times's* wild project lies with the Republicans themselves. They are not in the forlorn condition of the Democratic party; looking about for some strong and winning side—and their chief praise being the salvation of the Union. And they have seen enough of hybridising, as carried on by the Democratic party both with Northern and Southern stock, to be satisfied with the maintenance of the pure, loyal Union breed and blood.

THE COMING DELUGE.

PRINCE METTERNICH—the great Austrian apostle of retrogressive despotism—looking at the seething cauldron of European politics and the development of the revolutionary element, said, shortly before his death, "After me, the Deluge." He meant that as soon as the levee 'of military and social repression, on which he had raised against the popular tide, should no longer be sustained by himself—the architect who laid its foundations and understood its structure—the waves would roll over the map of Europe, wiping away old landmarks, and whelming thrones and dynasties in its resistless course.

This partly happened, as he predicted, in 1848; but that wave was driven back and new barriers erected. There was danger threatened when NAPOLEON, in 1859, resolved to reign by the "Will of the People," as well as "the Grace of God," and again, in 1866, when he gave the Italians opportunity of election between Il Re Galantuomo and the Hapsburg. There were, indeed, at this latter date, half a dozen princelings or so swept away by the under-current. But these were ripples compared with the tremendous billow which came rushing through the crevasse that BISMARCK made; and, though the damage it did has been temporarily repaired, we believe it was but the forerunner of a flood—not exactly of the kind that METTERNICH anticipated—but such a flood as has not passed over any portion of the earth since the time when those terrible freshets of Goth and Hun and Vandal poured desolation on the Roman Empire.

Whether NAPOLEON is better than ever, or liable to die at any moment; whether BISMARCK regains his health or lingers on a paralytic; the storm will come. The life or death of either, or of both, would be powerless to avert it, though we cannot doubt that their strong wills and diplomatic resources would materially tend to mould the final results. The political atmosphere on the other side of the Atlantic is full of menacing portents. Never, since the first Napoleonic era, have there been such rumors of wars. Russia bringing her colossal legions up to their full fighting standard; Austria working quietly, but none the less industriously, to remodel her entire military establishment, and tacitly defying BISMARCK by making Baron von BUEST Prime Minister; Prussia watchful and busy, with soldiers sleeping on their arms, and only too anxious for a second Sadowa; France instituting wholesale reforms in her army, and recalling in her unfilled quota of conscripts; England airing her cumbersome iron-clads in foreign waters, and proposing to add about twenty-five millions of dollars to her naval and military estimates for the coming year. Terrible new muskets said to be manufacturing, by hundreds of thousands, in Austria and France; a breech loading repeater rifle, of American invention, adopted in England; Prussia, as yet, ahead of them all, with her needle-gun. Rumors of alliance—offensive and defensive—between Brandenburg black eagle and Romanoff rugged bear. Hankerings of the one after Silesia and Saxony and Austrian Poland, and of the other after Sweden and Turkey and frontiers pushed to British India. NAPOLEON covetous of the Rhenish provinces, which Prussia is bound to keep, and of Belgium, to whose defense England is declared to be pledged. VICTOR EMANUEL growling for admission to Rome, and Spain attempting a feeble swagger as champion of the Pope. Christian crushed by Mussulman in Isles of Greece, and petted by Muscovites in Turkish fiefs of Montenegro and Wallachia. Denmark and Sweden coquetting about consolidation, or, at least, such a bond of union as, with British help, shall protect them against Prussia.

Within these wheels are a multitude of others, the workings of which it is impossible to distinguish; but we know and can feel, even at our own fortunate distance from the scene, that the whole machinery is jarring, that innumerable screws are loose, and that, very soon, the whole incongruous medley will be broken up with a fearful explosion. It is a mighty pretty complication as it stands, and we ought to be very thankful that there is not a single "cog" in the whole ricketty concern about which we need trouble ourselves. If there is to be a grand international plug-muss, we can look on as the woman did at the struggle between her husband and the grizzly. Scarcely one of the prospective combatants but mocked at *our* calamity and laughed when our fear came; and we are philosophical enough to return the compliment when they afford us the opportunity. These periodical wars, that seem inevitable, are a strange phenomenon. When we reflect on the horrors and devastationthey entail, we cannot but feel it is an extraordinary law of Nature—a most inscrutable dispensation of Providence—by which the ambitions and prejudices of communities and races are gradually worked up to that fever heat which can only be quenched in seas of blood, and repented of through years of bitter agony. But in all ages of the world it has been so; and so, in all future ages we presume it must be still. All we can now do is to epitomize the situation as it stands, and await with equanimity its certain culmination in anarchy and woe.

THE INEVITABLE END.

Upon one point the people of the country appear to be united, and that is, the maintenance of the Union. We say appear to be, because the means proposed to secure that end are so dissimilar as to raise a doubt as to the sincerity or integrity of a certain portion of the people. The Union Republicans propose to maintain the Union by bringing the rebellious States into practical relations with the General Government, under the disabilities naturally incurred by the people of those States in their rebellion against the Government, and to render those people forever incapable of again endangering the peace and safety of the Union. On the other hand the Democrats and so-called Conservatives propose to restore the revolted States to power without imposing any disability upon the people, or requiring any security for the future quietude of the nation.

To accomplish the desired result the Congress of the United States, in obedience to the voice of the people, manifested through the Union Republican organization, has offered the rebellious States the proposed Constitutional Amendment, as an enabling act, by the acceptance and approval of which they can restore themselves to their proper practical position in the Union, and give security for their future good behavior. Those States must accept or later understand that this proposition has been made in good faith, and that not a single provision of it effects them that does not equally bind every State in the Union. They must also understand that that proposition, or something else not less exacting, must ultimately prevail

The Pittsburgh Commercial: Saturday, November 17, 1866.

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THE COMING OF WINTER.

Recognize! the winter comes!
I hear his breath pass through the nights!
I hear his voice in the wind's wild flight!
March thro' the pines with muffled drum!

His naked feet are on the mead:
The grass is sere and stiffens in his path.
No tear for child of earth he heeds:
No pity for the tender seed!

The bare oak's shudder at his breath!
A moment by the shrunken brook he stays:
Its needs is music! A glaze
Creeps o'er it and congeals it to death!

From fettered stream and blackened moor
The city wails its silent moans:
The mansion of the rich he fears!
He storms the cabins of the poor!

The curtained couch, the glowing hearth,
The fresh-plumed gravheard's power defy!
He curses as he carves his way!
And strikes the beggar, dead, to earth!

For every moaning hall he spares,
A hundred hearts pulseless, crisp with ice and cold.
Watched by a hundred grim despairs!

Here is your mission! Ye who feed
Your lavish fires! Nor afar
But at your doors your heathen are!
God's Poor—your cast-off clothes their fare!

The path is long to pagan shores!
They're silent as an open grave!
Around you Death's grim Master stores!

THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Fourth Anniversary Pastoral Discourse by Rev. Herrick Johnson, Delivered on Sunday, Nov. 11th.

Rev. Herrick Johnson delivered, on Sunday morning last, his Fourth Anniversary Pastoral Discourse in the Hall now occupied by the Third Presbyterian Church. The text was taken from the Acts, xxiii, 15, "Whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage," After giving the interesting historical *means* of the passage, explaining those relations of the Apostle to the Church he was now for the first time visiting, but to which from Corinth he had written of his longings to see them face to face, the preacher remarked that it was not his purpose to give play to his ingenuity in discovering or forcing analogies between the circumstances into the midst of which the text introduces us, and those in which he and his people found themselves in crossing the threshold of the fifth year of their present pastorate. He should introduce the incidents of that scene of affectionate salutation, devout thanksgiving, and renewed heroic purpose, only as they might suggest themselves in the way of illustrating and emphasizing the duty of the present hour,—solemn praise to God and fresh courage for future labor.

During my first year of labor among you, said the preacher, we were visited with a calamity in the destruction of our church building by the fire of a smouldering blow. Our counsels were divided. Some advised to reroof the blackened walls still standing, and save all that was venerable and sacred in their old associations. But we resolved to build anew. Meanwhile, this hall was secured. Whatever may be said of it as a resort in such an emergency, it is not to be denied that its occupancy has been attended with great inconveniences, bearing with special weight upon the aged and infirm, some of whom have been utterly debarred from meeting with us by reason of its inaccessibility. And had it been foreknown that such would have been the mechanical and other difficulties in the way of our building enterprise, this fourth anniversary sermon would be preached in this hall, had we known what we were undertaking when we made that resolve, doubtless we should have chosen to the front ball that is to be the instrument. But, you say, this is scarce a hundred weight of metal, and if the sinews of the thousand strong arm of all this host could concentrate their forces in hurling that ball it would fall harmless from those battlements. They point you, again, to a cannon. But, you say, what is that but a mass of dead matter? They show you the powder that is to charge it. Yes, you say, but what are these little grains? A child may spill them, and a dove may pick them up. Then they show you the one spark of fire that makes those grains a lighting charge, and that ball a bolt terrible as if forged from a thunder cloud. And, Oh! what are sermons, prayer-meetings, Sabbath schools, spacious aisles or fretted roofs, the largest free-will offerings, what, and of what avail all these, if they are all lifeless in the absence of the quickening Spirit of God? Let earnest prayer to Him prove answereth by fire call the blessings down.

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THE CAPITAL.

Special Dispatch to Pittsburgh Commercial.

WASHINGTON, November 14, 1866.

Impartial Suffrage and the Democracy.

The movement of leading Democratic papers in the East and West in favor of impartial suffrage has caused a decided sensation in Washington, especially among officials and Southern men. The latter declare that the South will accept impartial suffrage in preference to ratifying the Constitutional Amendment. A well known New Orleans editor, now here, favors it, and Hon. W. H. Prescott, of Santa Carolina, who was an officer of the Confederate Government, and formerly Assistant Secretary of State under Buchanan, arrived here to-day, and says South Carolina prefers it to the amendment.

Secretary McCulloch's Report.

Secretary McCulloch is rapidly completing his annual report. It will show that the public debt has been decreased one hundred and ten millions in six months, and that under the law passed in March the greenback circulation has been reduced ten millions of dollars, and that by January 1st it will be reduced four millions of dollars more. The Secretary's report will contain the same general recommendations relative to taxation, the national debt that were presented last year.

The Interior Report.

The Secretary of the Interior's report is already completed. It will contain a resume of the census of the Union to date as follows: Total number, 290,774, distributed as follows: Washington, 14,800; Oregon, 104,715; California, 25,962; Arizona, 34,500; Nevada, 8,250; Utah, 10,200; New Mexico, 19,000; Colorado, 5,000; Dakotah, 24,570; Idaho, 7,300; Montana, 13,687; Northern, 18,178; Central, 12,836; southern, 53,004. Independent Agencies—Green Bay, 2,632; Chippewas of Mississippi, 4,179; Chippewas of Lake Superior, 4,600; Wandering Bands in Wisconsin, 1,430; Hackinac, 8,105; New York, 4,014.

Public Land Sales.

Returns received by the Commissioner of the General Land Office show that during October 8,624 acres of land were sold and disposed of at Sioux City, Iowa, for actual settlement under the homestead law. At Denver City, Colorado, the disposals amounted to 4,962 acres, of which 2,300 were for settlement and cultivation. The cash sales at the Denver City office amounted to $2,800.

Postal Contracts.

In the Postoffice Department, in addition to the preparation of the annual reports, the contract division is actively engaged in the preliminaries for their spring letting, which will commence in March next. The regular setting of that season embrace routes in Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas. At the same time there will be offered to contract miscellaneous routes in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Washington, Dakotah, Colorado, Utah and Montana.

The Meteoric Display.

The National Observatory report that there was a heavy fall of meteors commencing today at eleven o'clock and lasting for an hour or so. This is probably the regular shower.

Commissioner Rollins to Remain.

Notwithstanding that the friends of Thos. H. Spooner were sanguine of his appointment last night as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, high authority is given to-day for the statement that there will now be no change in that office. This fact is settled.

MEXICO.

NEW YORK, November 13.—The *Herald's* Brownsville special gives the following particulars of the arrest of Ortega: The steamship St. Marys from New Orleans arrived at Bracos Santiago, on the afternoon of the 3d inst., having on board General J. G. Ortega and his suite. Immediately on their arrival they were arrested by the commanding officer at Brazos, but will be permitted to return to New Orleans when they so desire. Upon being informed of his arrest, General Ortega simply demanded a copy of the order, and submitted with dignity. A courier from camp in Matamoras arrived at a consultation with Ortega after the boat landed, has also been arrested. Ortega made a protest against the arrest, in which he refers to the guarantees under which he came—guarantees which he claims in their scope facility admits his proper political character as the constitutional President of the Mexican Republic. He then recites the acts accompanying and including his arrest, and protests against the violation of this country to foreigners traveling therein, thereof. In the name of, and as President of the Mexican Republic, as constituting an individual interested in the welfare of the United States to the solution of local Mexican questions; and third, against any direct or indirect, which by force attempts to impose upon the people of Mexico, the factional Government of Don Benito Juarez. I am satisfied that the policy here will be hereafter much more decisive with three years ago, when in full view of all the burdens of the work to do at home, he had deprecated the slightest abatement in the energies of the church for the great general interests of Evangelical Christianity. It was asking too much, was the plea The people will not tolerate such a thing. Such was the result. The sum of the paid subscriptions of the church, said he, for the first year of my pastorate was $10,786; of the second, one after being the scene of our meeting home, $19,250; of the third, $33,600; of the fourth, $64,319. In a word, a comparison between the contributions for exclusively congregational objects, and, secondly, in the first year of my pastorate and the one now closing, shows an advance of two hundred and fifty per cent., while of the total amount raised upon themselves by the people of this church, as a body, for all the purposes of religion, be taken into account, the per centage rises to five hundred. May we not feel that we have passed the crisis in the history of our church, and that nothing but the forbearance of the Divine favor, so abundantly bestowed heretofore, can forbid a most triumphant future?

The present status of the church was then referred to; the advanced progress of the handsome and capacious chapel building, and the numbers and especially the *quality* of its membership, never before so large—400 names, known, resident, *usable*, the Capital. His address was followed by an impressive solemn and appropriate public service to the church of the unusually large proportion of young Christians on the roll.

In discussing the *future* of his course, the preacher spoke guardedly, both as respects the general uncertainty of what is before us, and the special danger of giving way to the spirit of Pharisaic self-gratulation. He reminded his hearers that their work was far from being done. Yet what has been accomplished in the past may be regarded as a most significant sign for the future. As respected the building enterprise, the raising of $110,000 during the last two years gave hopeful promise. Reference was also made to the working quality of the membership. Yet were they to be satisfied—to repeat the folly of Laodicea? Was Paul satisfied with what was already accomplished in Rome, when he was so cordially met on its environs? We have not done what we might, urged the preacher. Far be it from me to assume to myself the meed of duty as adequately performed, or to accord it to my people. But what is it to take courage, in view of all that is involved in our progress thus far? What sort of a spirit was it that Paul felt to be reinforced within him, when he was welcomed to the saintly brotherhood in Rome? Is this lack of thanksgiving mean and be, as we enter upon another year of mutual labor.

The conclusion, in which was presented the thought that all the appropriate appliances of church advancement and Christian usefulness are vain without the blessing of God, was specially effective. You see, said the reverend speaker, an army seated before the granite walls of a fort. They tell you they mean to batter it down, and point you to the iron ball that is to be the instrument. But, you say, this is scarce a hundred weight of metal, and if the sinews of the thousand strong arm of all this host could concentrate their forces in hurling that ball it would fall harmless from those battlements. They point you, again, to a cannon. But, you say, what is that but a mass of dead matter? They show you the powder that is to charge it. Yes, you say, but what are these little grains? A child may spill them, and a dove may pick them up. Then they show you the one spark of fire that makes those grains a lighting charge, and that ball a bolt terrible as if forged from a thunder cloud. And, Oh! what are sermons, prayer-meetings, Sabbath schools, spacious aisles or fretted roofs, the largest free-will offerings, what, and of what avail all these, if they are all lifeless in the absence of the quickening Spirit of God? Let earnest prayer to Him prove answereth by fire call the blessings down.

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FAMINE IN INDIA.

NEW YORK, November 12.—The *Times* correspondent gives the following interesting particulars of the great famine in India: A Calcutta paper of August 18th says, twenty thousand paupers from the famine stricken districts, have inundated Calcutta, and the arrivals are reckoned at two hundred a day. We have on the highest authority, a frightful picture of the prevailing destitution, especially in Calcutta. It would be difficult to exaggerate the magnitude and extent of the calamity. All the accounts I have seen have underrated it. It is very difficult to obtain reliable statistics as to mortality from cholera and famine occasioned by it, but all that I have seen and heard has convinced me that it has been on a scale of frightful magnitude. There are still four long, dark months before us, though for a month past there has been some slight abatement in the distress. In the four districts of Balasore, Midnapore, Soram and Tirhoot, over forty thousand non-laboring paupers were being daily relieved in the latter part of July, besides seven thousand able bodied to make some return for food by working. A week later we find thirty four thousand daily relieved in Balasore and Midnapore alone, while Pooree and Nudda add 17,000 more to the sad list. It is believed that in Cuttack the mortality of the people must die before relief can reach them, while 1,000 persons a day were perishing at the single city of Balasore. A vessel, the Tubal Cain, when was bringing them food, was wrecked, and 1,500 sacks compelled to throw overboard 1,500 bags of rice, but this is not all, and probably not the worst. The new crop of rice will soon be obtained, but it is likely to add a new source of misery, for, having spent their food, the poor people will devour it in its immature and unwholesome state, and a dreadful pestilence will probably be produced. Until the land can be covered with a net work of railroads and canals, there is no escape from the frequent repetition of such calamities, and that day is far distant.

Another account says: When the famine was at its height, the starving poor were told, crowded into the suburbs of Calcutta, and it was estimated that no fewer than 20,000 to 25,000 starving people were constantly about the capital. At Midnapore, Ghat, where the Bombay merchants raised a fund and distributed food, there was at one time 7,000 famishing applicants for the boons. They were described as placed in order upon an open space, awaiting their distribution. On one side nearly 1,000 Hindoos, each with a leaf platter before him, were scattered on the wet ground, hastily devouring the scanty fare they received. On the other side were thousands of famishing Mussulmans, arranged in like manner, and watching with silent and greedy eagerness the meal of their Hindoo fellowmen. Suddenly with blind longings the minutes till their turns should come. Under the shelter of the Ghat crowded the women, girls and children. Outside the gates were hundreds and hundreds who had lost their strength in the struggle, but not all a horrible dead silence, no chatter-ing, laughing or talking, and except when at intervals some wretch threw up his arms with an ejaculation to Heaven, wrung from him by the unspeakable pangs of hunger. More than this, officials wrote home descriptions of passing dead bodies in every morning's ride; bodies lying in the road with the dogs eating them at leisure.

A Calcutta journal stated that in Balasare, having a population of twelve thousand, the deaths amounted to 1,000 a week. The action of the government demanding of its officials a report against the itself, the Collector of the District replied that on the 5th of August he had 253 deaths in the city; on the 9th 351, and for the week ending the 9th 276 a day, the bodies sometimes remaining unburied for three days.

The province Orissa suffered the most severely, one paper observing that 120,000 had perished in Maritime Orissa alone. Indeed, a telegram from India announces that half the population of Orissa has perished in the famine—that is, fully two millions and a half of people.

Report of Secretary McCulloch.

Early Resumption of Specie Payment to be Made.

NEW YORK, November 13.—The *Express* says: The report of the Secretary of the Treasury will be looked for with interest. It is understood that the Secretary of the Treasury will ask Congress at the coming session to repeal all his views, which look to an early rather than a speedy resumption of specie payments. The resumption of legal currency at the rate of four millions of dollars a month but little is accomplished in this most desirable result, or to check that spirit of speculation which is now the bane of the country. With the addition of one hundred millions of greenbacks out, the four millions a month is but as a drop in a bucket, but any such mode of reduction produce the least effect upon national bank notes for two years to come, for so long as there are more paper issues than national bank notes, the national banks have no motive to check speculation, or to do business in that kind of paper which is necessary for safety. These views, at least, we understand will be pressed upon Congress by Mr. McCulloch. All the power of redemption which Congress has given him has been used to its very utmost extent.

STATE ITEMS.

There are forty new wells now going down on Pithole Creek, and preparations are making for sinking twenty more.

Wood, Morrell & Co., of Johnstown, are erecting a planing machine building on Main street, 70 by 120 feet. It is 102 feet by 125 feet, three stories high, has 150 windows in it and one million of bricks. It will be one of the largest buildings of the kind in any town and as the office of the Cambria Iron Works.

Irvineton, at the junction of the Philadelphia and Erie and Warren and Allegheny Railroads, is growing rapidly. Four hotels have been built or are being built, and a large railroad depot shall is to be erected. It is also stated that the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company are negotiating for the purchase of forty acres of land upon which to erect buildings.

James P. McDowell, of Summerhill township in Cambria county, was drowned in the Pennsylvania canal Saturday evening last, under the following circumstances: For several years he has had charge of the locks on the Erie Extension canal, near Summerhill, and on Saturday evening Lock No. 15 and fell in. He was alone and was not missed for some time. His horse became frightened at the lock, and was supposed to have fallen over sparingly at this time, preferring to await until trade becomes more settled. The weather continues unusually pleasant for the season, and the prospects for a heavy winter trade are immense slaughtering. This state of affairs leaves the hog market in a very unsettled condition, and we will remain in this relatively low state. The packing preparations to this vicinity are said to be more extensive than for many years past. The present low stage of water interferes largely with trade in all its various departments. Among the articles now in store a large amount of Pittsburgh manufactures, intended for the Southern markets. The Artnesia is now loading at the lower lock, and will be the last boat for New Orleans direct. The Argosy took her departure yesterday, for Cincinnati, with all the freight and travel she could accommodate. She will be followed to-day by the Norn—an excellent boat. The fine steamer Ruth was detained, but will take her leave to day, for Cairo and St. Louis. The Camella is fast filling up for Nashville and will take her departure in a few days. The Rose is a Nashville sign up. Below will be found the sales that came under our notice:

ARTICLES—Trade continues to be well supplied. Yesterday's receipts were 905 bbls. Sales were made principally for local purposes. We note the following: 1 car at @2 25; 1 do. @2 85; 1 do. @3 40, and 1 do at @3 75 per bbl.

BUTTER—The supply exceeds the demand. Dealers were disposed to confine their purchases to lots for immediate consumption at prices ruling low.

EGGS—Were scarce, and wanted for home use and for shipment. Sales of 16 pkgs. The extremes were 34@36c.

CRANBERRIES—The market exhibited no activity. Prices have been uniform for some time. Sales of 9 bbls common at $15 00, and 6 do cultivated at $2 50 per bbl.

HAY—The market remains steady, with a fair demand. Sales of 10 tons, on the wharf, at $26 00, and 8 loads, at the scales, at $28 00@27 00.

POTATOES—There is no change to chronicle on particular change since our last. Prices remain about the same The receipts have increased; yesterday's reached 2,426 bbls. Holders are not inclined to make any further concessions, and buyers are not disposed to pay the asking prices. Sales 2,500 bbls, at $2 50@2 75 for Early Rose; $2 50@2 75 for Ford's, $2 50; Crossett's, $2 75; Desplaines, $2 50; Jenkins's Eureka, $2 75. Other brands were disposed of at about the same range of prices. The buyers were more inclined to hold out for the figures we have named.

GRAIN—Inactivity appears to hold possession of the grain market. The unsettled condition of affairs in the West appears to have caused dealers here to hold off for the present so far as relates to certain description. Corn—Sales of 1,000 bushels ear, and 500 bushels oldshelled, $1 06; sales 2 cars of new ear, at $1; 1 car of 300 bushels shelled, 95c; sales 2 cars of new ear, on track, at 90c; 1 car of 400 bushels shelled, $1 06; sales 2 cars of new ear, at 95c; 1 car of 300 bushels shelled, 95c; sales 2 cars of new ear

Weekly Commercial.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

TERMS:

One copy per year.....$2 00
In clubs of twenty, per year.....1 50
One copy gratis, to the getter-up of the club.

WHAT WILL THE PRESIDENT DO?

The voice of the people, as that is understood in our republican system of government, has been uttered. But the choice of this man and that man to certain offices is not the chief meaning of the voice which has recently rung trumpet-toned through the land. It bears an additional and more important meaning, intelligible to everybody, and very decidedly expressed. Everybody knows, now, what the majority of voters—and this, according to our system, is the people—think of Government measures, adopted or proposed. And there is a plain and emphatic expression in the voice, of preference for one policy of two competing ones considered. There is palpable evidence, from their own deliberate showing, that the people do not relish and will not approve nor sustain what, during the canvass, was familiarly called "my policy," meaning the President's, and that they do and will sustain the course or policy, relating to the restoration of the seceded States, which was inaugurated by their representatives in Congress. Whether the voice heralds a wise judgment or a simple one, a right decision or a wrong, there can be no mistake about its meaning.

A question may now arise—it has arisen already in individual minds—will the President pay so much regard to the voice of the elections as to change, retract, or henceforth ignore the policy that the people's verdict condemns? A person having no unfriendly feelings towards the President and no ill-will to the country would promptly answer the question, and the answer would be, "Of course, he will." This is our ground till we see some evidence to sway our mind in the opposite direction.

The President has so often, both in his official position and during his recent detour aside from it, expressed his veneration for the popular will and voice, that we cannot, without evidence, believe he will go back upon his own words. In his speech in our city, he placed himself hypothetically in the very critical attitude of prohibiting legislation in Congress, "till the voice of the people could be heard." Even in that extraordinary and startling hypothesis of the President, the voice was deemed the proper channel of imperative command, and he virtually gave his pledge to obedience. Happily for all concerned, the voice has been uttered before the critical and dangerous hypothesis of Executive assumption could be submitted to the test of experiment, but the pledge virtually implied is none the less binding on the President's observance.

Besides, the case is so plain, according to the principles of republican government, that there is no room to hesitate. There is, in fact, no *margin* between acquiescence in the will of the people, when expressed in the forms of law, through their representatives, and a subversion of the government. The people have spoken, and in a constitutional way, with specific measures of policy before them, and in condemnation of one of those measures. It is true this is not law, but, through their representatives, their will becomes law; and if the policy which has been condemned by the sovereign voice be persisted in, it is an effort to make ours a government of one man, and not of the people. They say no; he says yes; and the matter must be decided between themselves. We have no idea that the President of the United States is ignorant of this condition, or that he will place himself in it.

Were any pervading policy or even an important measure of any Ministry that ever administered the British Government, met with half as decided a condemnation as the President's has, that Ministry would not hesitate a moment either to relinquish its policy or resign its office. Indeed a formal vote of the people or of their representatives, in such a case, may be taken as an indirect, though none the less imperative, request that they would do the one or the other. Rare cases have occurred of the Executive branch of the British Government taking the attitude of conflict with the people and the Representative branch, but the precedents were such, in their results and historic fame, that they are not likely to be reproduced in our case. The President's professions and, with the exception of a brief observation, his course and history, as well as his competency to see the precise situation, all conspire to induce the conviction that, unless he has lost all judgment of right and safety, and covets the character of usurper, the policy condemned by the people will be quietly allowed to go into oblivion, and the President and Congress will co-operate upon some other. We hope he will see that the voice has that significance, and that it is in the spirit of our institutions, and in the strict line of his own professions, that he act accordingly. Otherwise, our Republican Government is subverted, and a one-man power overbears the voice of the people.

THE MISSION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

This party was organized to arrest the spread of slavery in the Territories, not to destroy it in the States. This design was the result of a conviction of a superiority of Freedom, and a love for it. Those who cherished this enlightened love of liberty were restrained in their sense of right and justice by their love of the forms of law, and their habit of observing precedent. Whilst the great mass of the party in the beginning aimed only at restricting slavery to certain States, it was evident to others that such an effort could only proye successful by the extinction of the institution in the States.

The sentiment of the South was concentrated on the defense of the institution, and any war upon it necessarily tended to consolidate the forces of that section in the defense of their cherished institution. Hence these two sentiments took the field, and Liberty triumphed on more than five hundred battle-fields.

The physical obstructions were thus removed, and the field is now open for the triumphant party to examine its divine mission. As the party has grown and strengthened, its mission has gradually unfolded until it is now evident that it must plant firmly and deeply its principles in every State and Territory under the jurisdiction of the Government.

Cherishing the spirit of the highest civilization, it seeks to mould its ideas into practical political institutions throughout the nation. It must be at once progressive and aggressive. It not only must advance itself, but carry its sentiments into every quarter of the land, and make them living institutions.

The Republican party is a system of propagandism. Its life is drawn from its power of expansion. When this ceases the party dies.

To only territory for it to occupy is the vast domain, wherein the Confederacy attempted to establish itself. The duty of the patriot is now to go forth and subdue the false principles that have so long held dominion over that region, and to supplant them with new and regenerating truths.

If this work is not accomplished by the statesmen, educators and advocates of this party, our glorious sacrifice of blood was but a vain and wicked trial of brute force. Such a conclusion is as irrational as it is unjust. The Union armies were the first detachments of missionaries sent forth by Divine Providence to subdue and rehabilitate that lovely land. Their mission was to wield the material sword. They have prepared the way for the second army of laborers who are to wield the sword of the spirit. They carry with them the principles of truth, liberty, justice and charity.

As auxiliaries to the establishment of a new order of things, it is necessary that a free press be firmly established. It is the national eye. Through it the body politic sees and walks.

Preparatory to this is a system of free schools. Education is essential to the acquisition of truth on every subject—and must be brought to every hamlet in the land.

The war gave us free labor, but the free school, the free press alone can give us intelligent labor.

Justice cannot be obtained without the eradication of prejudice. The free press, the free school, the free church, can alone effect the latter.

Uneducated labor is restricted to a few pursuits, educated labor presses into new fields of industry and evokes new elements of physical and intellectual power.

As the domain of labor is expanded, consumption and production is augmented and exchange proportionally increased. Thus commerce, as manufactures and agriculture, keeps pace with the advancement of liberty and thought.

The increase of intelligence increases the desires and multiplies the demands of a people for the varied productions of civilization. Every school house is a stimulus to production and exchange.

The unity of this nation depends on the effort of the Republican party to establish a free press, free schools, free intelligent labor, with that enterprise and inventive power that has characterized the loyal States, in every part of the rebellious territory. In other words, this party must expand itself in those districts and make them what it has made the land in which it had its origin. When it shall have infused its benign influences over the whole Republic, then and not till then can it rest from its aggressive and conquering mission.

FROM EASE TO PENURY.

The holding of any portion of the human race in bondage is held to be, in itself, a crime, by almost the entire civilized population of the world. Yet those to whom the practice is most repulsive and abhorrent will be capable of comprehending—that is, if they are thinking people of enlarged views and experience—that there may be a condition of society where the most highly educated and conscientious take an entirely different view of the matter. It was so in the Southern States, as all who are not blindly prejudiced must know. There, the leading moralists and ministers of the gospel, almost without exception, went far beyond the mere defense of slavery. They advocated its perpetuity and extension, as a Divine institution, and one of the greatest blessings that Providence had ever allowed to develope for the general welfare of mankind. We cannot doubt that they honestly believed what they said; that they had persuaded themselves they were incontrovertibly right. If, then—as is abstractly allowed by the strictest constructionists—it requires guilty motive and a consciousness of wrong to constitute the commission of crime, we must modify our strictures with the charity which comes of considerate common sense, when we undertake to be retrospective censors of what has been at the South.

There is a harsh, a narrow, and we may say, un-Christian-like disposition with a certain class to exult over the calamities, which, for a time, the abolishment of slavery has entailed upon that section of the country, in which, before the war, it flourished. There are persons who revel in the idea of wealthy planters having to roll up their sleeves and gain a bare sufficiency on which to live by the sweat of their own brows. It is a source of positive joy to them to read of delicately nurtured ladies—accustomed to have each wish anticipated by obsequious servitors—compelled to bend over the wash tub and prepare their scanty food. This is not a proper spirit to indulge. Nothing could be more impolitic, if North and South are ever to be equal friends again; nor more pharisaically sinful, when we regard the universal tendency to one or another form of inherent depravity. We think the South made the most colossal and disastrous mistake of modern times, in cherishing this monstrous cancer that fed upon its very vitals; but think of the bitter agony it underwent, when that cancer was plucked out by the roots, and then say what must be the nature of one who would exult over the idea of the subsequent torture that precedes healing.

Such of the Southern people as have been, by the events of the past five years, reduced from wealth and luxury to poverty and want, are as much deserving our compassion as the poor whites and emancipated negroes. Those latter have never been accustomed to better food and lodging than their labor can procure them now. The change of circumstances involves a forward instead of punishment for them; while to their former owners it brings humiliation, suffering and despair. Granted that they only are to blame for what has happened; that they dragged this weight of misery on their own heads; yet they are crushed now, and it is ungenerous to triumph over them in their extremity. We do not speak of the blatant politicians, the deliberate conspirators, the scurrilous scribblers and doggery loafers who precipitated the war, and whose present stock in trade is denunciation of the Yankee, and whose chief sport is brutal persecution of the freedman. On them no retribution too severe could be visited; but, for the poor sad sil weeping among the ruins of a vast social fabric; those who are sad and humbled; who have been cast from their high places into the dust; who think of rebellion only to deplore the destruction it has wrought; for these we ask—from all whose hearts are not steeled by fanaticism and intolerance—forgiveness, confidence and pity.

It is from among them that we must look for allies in the work of regenerating the South, and cementing once again the broken ties of Union. Those who have been the most severely chastened are ever the first to accept a renewal of friendship with a former foe, who, in the hour of triumph, treats them with tenderness and magnanimity. Kindly forbearance and liberal aid, offered on our part, will bring forth fruits of reciprocal good will. Though we may act, for years, be able to eradicate ideas—which have been literally bred in them—from their heads, we may, at least, subdue their hearts. We may gain their confidence sufficiently to show them what a universal system of education and an unfettered literature can accomplish toward the spread of intelligence and the consequent development of people's national resources. And when they are once willing to understand that of which they know so little—the real springs of Northern prosperity and stability—no amount of hide-bound prejudice and pride can long keep them from desiring to follow our example in the hope of achieving similar results.

THE CHICAGO TIMES ON THE VOTE.

The *Times*, the notoriously candid and ingenuous organ of the lost cause in Chicago, appears to be in a measure stupefied by the blow that the election has given it. It speaks of its party and the performance thereof on election day with a seriousness and candor quite out of its usual fashion. We can, in the premises, trust what it says of its own party:

"On the Democratic side the vote would have been larger had the party organization been better."

Quite likely; but why was the organization so poor, unless it was that intelligent people would not be organized on so bad a platform as that of the Democratic party?

"No effort was made to bring voters to the polls, and even the arrangements for the distribution of ballots were imperfect and inadequate."

Worse still! even the workers and leaders of the party were seized with the same disgust or despondency. Again, it says, hundreds of Democrats "lost their votes by coming to the polls too late." Forgot the day, probably, or mistook the place of voting, or deemed it more creditable to stay away. "Besides," says the bewildered *Times*, "the most extraordinary apathy prevailed." This is easily accounted for on the principles we have already referred to. Sensible Democrats were ashamed of the position of the party, just as they were in the beginning and progress of the rebellion. Finally the *Times*, perplexed and disappointed, adds, in italic letters, "*not more than* ONE-THIRD *of the Democratic vote was polled.*" If true, that is the biggest and handsomest feather ever placed in the cap of the Chicago Democracy.

If the *Times*, now, just had the wisdom to learn a lesson from the pupils which it has so assiduously, but it would seem unsuccessfully, been trying to indoctrinate in the worst and wildest sort of political opinions, the defeat it has received at the hands of intelligent and patriotic voters, would prove the happiest experience of its public life. We can attest the zeal, industry and political unscrupulousness with which the *Times* has labored in the canvass. And we cannot take its confession of the absence of two-thirds of its party from the polls as anything else than a proof of the badness of its cause, the party itself being the judge.

THE Legislature of New York will elect a United States Senator to succeed Judge HARRIS. As yet the canvass has not become animated. We presume that Senator HARRIS will ask for a re-election, and GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has been named. The *Herald* comes out for HORACE GREELEY. He was barely beaten by HARRIS on the previous trial, has much independent strength at home and is stronger outside of the State than he was then. If a candidate in earnest, his election would not be a surprising event. The New York Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican in both branches.

A CALL—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

In the President's organ at Washington, appears editorially a very earnest and emphatic call on the National Union party, to *organize*. The time chosen for issuing this call—just on the heels of the most decided political defeat that a party ever experienced—and its appearance in that particular paper, as well as the tenor and style of the article, are calculated to attract to it special notice and to stimulate curiosity to know its real and full significance. The interpretation of it must as yet be, to a considerable extent, conjectural and grounded mainly on the internal evidence contained within the article itself.

By the following analysis and extracts, our readers can judge of its import, and form their own opinion of its design.

It admits the general and complete triumph of the Republicans in the late elections, and expresses no regret, attributing it, however, in a considerable degree, to "the management of the *Resident Committee at Washington*, so called, created by a Committee of the National Union Convention at Philadelphia." The reflection on this Committee—MONTGOMERY BLAIR and others—is anything but complimentary. A new Executive Committee is also proposed, with conditions that show retrospectively how the President has been beset and pestered by the members of the old one. "Among other things, the general committee should stipulate with each member of the Executive Committee—*each man put under oath*—that he will not insist upon having from the President a Federal appointment the day after he is empowered as a committeeman, and that while he is on the committee he will not engage in contracts or schemes with his friends to plunder the Government." This is good natured severity, more creditable to the *organ* than to those who supply the tune. Not the committees alone are castigated in this call, but it goes on to say, that honest Conservatives "have been cheated by the corrupt hacks of the old Democratic party," and that "the men in New York, who struck down JOHN A. DIX, deserved exactly what they got—defeat." The editorial, or, as one might say, the President's call for a new organization makes a prominent figure of General DIX, as "a representative man of the administration and its restoration principles." And consequently "the President determined that General DIX should triumph" so he gave him the best position then open for an incumbent. Of this appointment, it is emphatically added, "this was a prompt and justifiable rebuke administered by the President, to the assassins of the National Union party." The call concludes as follows: "Let us begin anew, brush up the old locomotive, repair damages, elect new firemen, engineers and conductors, get up steam and clear the track for a new trip."

The thing looks to us extremely like an admission that the National Union party as heretofore organized, is totally played out—a most sensible conclusion to come to after the late elections. And it seems to intimate a willingness, if not a determination, to form, or recognize all the *personnel* of the late conservative coalition, under the uncomplimentary designation of "corrupt hacks of the old Democratic party"—also a sensible thing to do. And if we do not "see what is not to be seen," the article that we have made the subject of these remarks, casts a halt repentant, half hopeful glance towards the old, tried and true friends of other days, standing strong and triumphant by the Union, under the flag. And on that conjecture, we are disposed kindly to say, that the repudiation of false friends being supplemented by the abandonment of erroneous fancies, reunion may be as easy as the unfortunate alienation was, and much more creditable and safe. The elimination of errors from the creed should follow, as a logical consequence, the repudiation of the corrupting parties that introduced them, and when both are done, old relations of friendship and co-operation, for the country's good, may be readily restored. On this ground and for this end, we are willing to re-echo the call, as it is given and repeated "organize! organize!"

CORRUPTION OF THE CLUBS.

Let every affectionate wife tremble with apprehension when—in response to her anxious inquiry of "Where are you going this evening?"—her husband shall reply "Only to the Club, my dear."

That "Only to the Club" is, more than likely, but the inscription on a finger post which points down the road to ruin and despair.

We are credibly informed that such is the case in New York, and we see no reason to doubt, that, in other large cities, there may not be more or less of a similar significance attaching to the same apparently harmless announcement.

The *Round Table*—a literary weekly, which, it is true, sometimes indulges in sensationalism, but is cautious enough to be generally relied upon—gives such an account of the demoralizing influences of the Clubs of the Metropolis, that we cannot but regard them as little better than antechambers to the warmest kind of Tophet.

In an elaborate article, it refers to the mysterious suicides and disappearances of men reputed wealthy, who blow their brains out, or abscond, without apparent cause, until, on winding up their affairs, it is discovered that they leave their families penniless, with nothing but a legacy of debt.

The cause of these tragic or mysterious events is decaured to be the mania for high play which has been introduced into those attractive places of masculine resort—the fashionable Clubs—a mania which has taken into the maelstrom of recklessness and fatuity merchant, professional man and exquisite of easy leisure alike, and which is all the time harrying others to the brink of the same fascinating, fatal vortex.

Men of loose or dissipated habits are not the chief victims of this terrible and growing evil. It is too frequently the outwardly immaculate devotee to business; he whose paper is greedily accepted by experienced brokers; whose word is good for half a million; whose family relations are unexceptionable; whose behavior is beyond reproach; whose pew is prominent in church. In an ill hour he is induced to make one of a party at whist, where the stakes are, perhaps, no more than ten dollars a corner, with five dollars on each trick that either side may secure over the first six. From fives they get by degrees to twenties, and from tens to hundreds. And this is his first lesson.

He has won, and, like a tiger that has tasted blood, would win more. He has lost, and obedient to his new developed instinct, would strive to gain back what has gone. The passion has seized him, whichever way his fortune varies. Whist becomes tedious and he suggests *vingt'un*. That takes too long, and some one calls for poker. So he goes, from one quicker process to another—through faro, *rouge et noir*, *coupe*, chicken hazard—till one fine night he finds himself beneath the clear, cold sky, a broken gambler; his hand clenched or palsied, his brain maddened or benumbed by turns; a sickly paralysis of action struggling with a vague fierceness of intent; a confused thought of what might have been, swamped by the half-realized knowledge of what is.

Then comes the startling *denouement* that shall be the sensation of the morrow. If he is a man of indomitable nature, possessed of energy and will, he is, twelve hours later, on his way to Europe, with what he can hastily collect of the fine outstanding credits he has given. If he be one who easily succumbs before a hostile fate, his house will be aroused at dawn with the sharp crack of a pistol; there will be knocking at the door that he shall never hear; a rush to know the worst; a spectacle of the supposed prosperous and model citizen weltering in his blood; slain by his own hand, for what inexplicable reason none can tell.

The select circle that gathers that same evening at the Club is in the secret, of course. They shrug their shoulders when they meet; swear the absent or the dead was a deuced good fellow, while he lasted, but he would play high, you know; hope it isn't quite so bad as people say; and then they buzz around the flame that has destroyed him, with more than accustomed eagerness and desperation. The most desperate being those who are worst singed themselves—those who are nearest to that end of his, which, had not reason and reflection been completely drowned, might warn them while there still was hope of their salvation.

THOUGH the returns are not complete, the Missouri Congressional delegation will probably stand as it did before. Seven Republicans—two Democrats. There is a chance of one more Republican. Considering everything, this is the greatest victory of all.

THE QUESTION OF IMPEACHMENT.

Magnanimity in the hour of victory is the highest quality an individual or a nation can display. It is the test of true greatness; the most consummate manifestation of conscious strength. This special trait of character—more prominently developed in the States of the North than elsewhere in the world—has been the brightest jewel that has ever gleamed among the laurels we have won. We have reversed the verdict of history, that republics are pitiless as they are ungrateful. The savage old Roman cry "*Væ victis!*" has given place to that homely but generous remonstrance "Don't hit a foe when he's down." So, with all its cant and make-believes and superfluity of veneering, there is some virtue in our modern civilization, after all.

Echoes of this most harmonious chord of human sympathy reach us from all parts of the country. They are, as it were, a refrain to the glad chorus of exultation, which the grand and overwhelming success of the loyal spirit of the land in the late elections has evoked. Hotly and vigorously as the battle was waged—while the hostile forces faced each other—no sooner is it fairly over, than we find the bitterest fighters in the fray the first to plead for kindly clemency toward the vanquished. Leading public men who, one week ago, could scarce find words to vent their wrath on ANDREW JOHNSON, and influential newspapers which more than hinted there was a traitor's doom in store for him, now that the safety of the principles that they were struggling to maintain is ensured, no longer talk of putting passionate threats in execution. Acrimony is forgotten, vengeance utterly ignored, and, calmly satisfied with the great moral triumph they have achieved, we find them pleasantly distilling sweetest milk of human kindness.

No one will dispute the ardent and sincere Radicalism of such journals as the *Republican* and the *Tribune* of Chicago. Both have argued the question of impeachment from a point of view that looked toward enforcement of the strongest measures against an obstinate, aggressive President. Yet, when they see that President so effectually rebuked by the voice of the people and so rendered powerless by the strengthening of Constitutional restraints—they virtually vacate their claim for the administration on him by inexorable justice, and seem to think that a wise forbearance will best subserve the general welfare. The *Republican* is willing to leave the vexed questions of the day to Congress. It regards the proposed impeachment "purely as a matter of policy, expediency and discretion;" and, speculating on the probable consequences, puts this pertinent proposition: "Whom shall we get in his stead?" Calculating who that successor would most likely be, it says: "We are tired of accidental Presidents, and before removing ANDREW JOHNSON, Congress would need to know that a statesman of positive, reliable character, fit for the position, and able to satisfy the country, would succeed him." It seems doubtful whether Senator FOSTER would fulfil those requirements, and points out grave complications that might arise from other than a cautious and well digested plan of action on a subject of such unexampled moment. Assuming that Congress now has its own way, it insists that our energies are needed for nobler ends than the bootless enterprise of personal warfare against an Executive who has been rendered impotent for mischief. The *Tribune* comes, from similar premises, to the like conclusion. While declaring that, "as a matter of strict law, no public officer should go unwhipped of justice, in doubts the expediency of impeachment against the President when over the sea, "locked upon it, and loved it." The shrewd head of the Druid's oak—the faith which it typifies has been kept in unbroken constancy, through long years of violence and persecution—living possessors of that priceless inheritance spread or lose that faith, according to the lot of each in foreign lands. The great Irish event which cannot be ignored, is Irish emigration. However people may differ in their thoughts about it, think of it they must. You cannot pass over it. It is a fact worthy of the name, look upon it with great regret—enlightened, taking the most liberal views of the matter, do not like it much. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, said, gave it eternal prominence in a speech of his. He considered it a thing to be deplored, and accepted by legislation in some way, if possible. There are no doubt, some who view this national catastrophe with pleasure—a few who would gladly see the Irish element all repaired by means far the market—others by the infidels as the glory of Ireland. But the most narrow minded, and, we hope the majorities of them, is composed of persons who rejoice at the prospect of the Irish having a chance of turning Ireland into a Protestant country by putting Protestants into the description of holdings, and thus making the farm what they cannot convert the man.

This voluntary expatriation may prove that Ireland is badly governed, and that a Republic of the right sort might be an advantage to it, but it also indicates that there is no prospect of it arising in the people there. The concern of the British Government in relation to the loss of population in Ireland, further shows that that Government does not consider the Irish as enemies to its authority, or any way formidable to its power. If it did, it would, of course, rejoice to see them going in such vast numbers to the west side of the Atlantic.

If Ireland, therefore, is the destined field of operations, the Fenians had better not long delay their movements, or there will not be friends enough left in the Green Isle to make success possible. So far as yet appears, the organization gets more money and more members, and aspires more to influence and power in this country than it ever did before. The ultimate designs have more reference to that country than to this, is not so manifest, as yet. But it is quite evident, from the late canvass that this organization has "hung upon the verge" of our politics, as an element by itself, and has felt or imagined a power within itself to warrant its frowning at our Government when its measures were unacceptable, and even its assuming the tone and phrase of menace. But this we refer to only by the way. If they are going to have Republic in Ireland with any of their people in it, it behooves Mr. STEPHENS to hurry up the business. How many times Head Center STEPHENS's "hour for Ireland" has come, we cannot remember—not less, we think, than Father MILLER's last day of the world. But the Irish people seem to prefer going to the mountain rather than wait for the Fenians to bring the mountain to them. So they come in thousands and tens of thousands to the ready-made American Republic, rather than look for one of talk in their own country.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The Republicans and Democrats will virtually maintain the same relative positions in the next Congress that they did in the last, though whatever gains the late elections have afforded accrue to the former. During the fall there have been Representatives chosen in nineteen States, of whom one hundred and twenty-five are Radical Union men and thirty-seven Johnsonians and Democrats. This is the latest manifestation of public sentiment and feeling. Of these previously elected we have to reckon fifteen as Union men and seven as Democrats, giving the former a total strength of one hundred and forty, or a clear majority of nearly one hundred. In the Senate there is a Radical gain; from New Jersey there come the Hon. H. G. CATTELL, and the successor to be appointed in place of the late Hon. WM. WRIGHT; from Oregon, Hon. H. W. CORBETT; and from Pennsylvania, whomsoever the Legislature shall select to occupy the seat so unworthily filled at present by EDGAR COWAN. Hon. CORNELIUS COLE, too, will arrive from California, to more reputably represent that State than has been done for some years past by Hon. JAMES H. MCDOUGALL. Further, an additional gain of two may be relied on, should Colorado be admitted, the striking balance, however, we must deduct one for the loss of Mr. CRESSWELL, of Maryland, in whose stead Governor SWANN will very likely find his way to Washington. The upshot of the calculation is a gain of four, *certain*, with a possibility of its being made six during the first session of Congress. This will cause the Senate to stand forty-two—with the Colorado chance of bringing it up to forty-four—against twenty-two. There will be more than a three-fourths vote on joint ballot; the same, in fact, as that which passed the Civil Rights Bill over Andrew Johnson's head, and drove him to seek relief and consolation in the interesting pastime of swinging round the circle.

MEXICAN MUDDLE.—As might have been predicted, the news from Paris now is, that "MAXIMILIAN will remain in Mexico." We attach but little importance to this—note it only to let the reader know how the swinging round the circle, in reference to this question, goes on. The Paris report seems to be confirmed from Mexico. The New York *Commercial* states positively on information of an "eye-witness, just arrived by the steamer Manhattan," that the abdication rumor is entirely unfounded.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The *Tribune* argues substantially, that because JEFFERSON DAVIS was not punished at once, he should not be punished at all. It says: "Though governments sometimes inflict capital punishment on conspicuous rebels, they never, at least in modern times, do so long after their rebellion was suppressed." It instances the hanging of "thirteen of the Hungarian leaders" who were "tried by drumhead court martial directly after their surrender, and who were hanged and buried within forty-eight hours." Had Austria "waited eighteen months," observes the *Tribune*, "and then executed them, she would have invoked the execrations of united Christendom."

Does the *Tribune* mean to say that had JEFF. DAVIS been tried by a "drumhead court martial directly after the surrender" and "hanged and buried within forty-eight hours," it would have been all right, and that in default of some such proceeding, he should not be punished now?

It seems to us that in considering the case, the first question should be—has JEFFERSON DAVIS been guilty of a crime? (And, in passing, we beg leave to suggest that the case of the Hungarians bears no likness to that of Mr. DAVIS). If he has, we can perceive in the delay nothing but a blunder on the part of the Government. Certainly we cannot perceive how it absolves him from the charge, or exempts him from proper punishment. It has not unfrequently happened that criminals, small and great, have not been punished until after the elapse of many months; but we believe that fact has never been urged as why they should not be punished according to their crimes.

Did JEFFERSON DAVIS commit treason in organizing the rebellion, is precisely as much a question to-day as it was the hour he was captured,—that he has not been tried and punished has not changed it a particle.

It may not be necessary or wise to hang DAVIS—motives of policy may dictate what shall be done with him, precisely as they would have done at any previous time; the circumstance of delay does not change the merits of the question involved in his case, and there is as much reason now as ever there was why he should be tried. If he should be found guilty of treason in the first degree, it will then be time enough to consider the question of hanging him. The delay of "eighteen months" is as an instant of time compared with the great crime and the terrible consequences of the rebellion; and, while it doubtless would have been more just had he been tried and punished directly after his capture, the delay—not a fourth of the period of the war—is far from being a conclusive reason why he should not yet be dealt with precisely as though he fell into the hands of the Government yesterday.

IRELAND AND THE FENIANS.

While, in this country, a large number of persons are talking about the emancipation of Ireland [illegible] ing societies in furtherance of the object, and paying weekly contributions, amounting in the aggregate to a large sum, to promote it, the Irish people, on the other side of the water, appear only desirous of getting away from Ireland. It would seem to indicate either that they do not know much about the proposed Irish Republic or that they have not much faith in it or hope of its success.

The following extract from an Irish paper, presents a view of emigration which, although not new to us, is yet far from being favorable to any such change of Government in Ireland as the Fenian leaders assure their trustful followers:

The wholesale desertion of Ireland by its people is saddening to any Irishman who takes a pride in the past history and the race, who, when St. Patrick brought them Christianity over the sea, "looked upon it, and loved it." The shrewd head of the Druid's oak—the faith which it typifies has been kept in unbroking constancy, through long years of violence and persecution—living possessors of that priceless inheritance spread or lose that faith, according to the lot of each in foreign lands. The great Irish event which cannot be ignored, is Irish emigration. However people may differ in their thoughts about it, think of it they must. You cannot pass over it. It is a fact worthy of the name, look upon it with great regret—enlightened, taking the most liberal views of the matter, do not like it much. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe, said, gave it eternal prominence in a speech of his. He considered it a thing to be deplored, and accepted by legislation in some way, if possible. There are, no doubt, some who view this national catastrophe with pleasure—a few who would gladly see the Irish element all repaired by means far the market—others by the infidels as the glory of Ireland. But the most narrow minded, and, we hope the majorities of them, is composed of persons who rejoice at the prospect of the Irish having a chance of turning Ireland into a Protestant country by putting Protestants into the description of holdings, as thus making the farm what they cannot convert the man.

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If Ireland, therefore, is the destined field of operations, the Fenians had better not long delay their movements, or there will not be friends enough left in the Green Isle to make success possible. So far as yet appears, the organization gets more money and more members, and aspires more to influence and power in this country than it ever did before. The ultimate designs have more reference to that country than to this, is not so manifest, as yet. But it is quite evident, from the late canvass that this organization has "hung upon the verge" of our politics, as an element by itself, and has felt or imagined a power within itself to warrant its frowning at our Government when its measures were unacceptable, and even its assuming the tone and phrase of menace. But this we refer to only by the way. If they are going to have Republic in Ireland with any of their people in it, it behooves Mr. STEPHENS to hurry up the business. How many times Head Center STEPHENS's "hour for Ireland" has come, we cannot remember—not less, we think, than Father MILLER's last day of the world. But the Irish people seem to prefer going to the mountain rather than wait for the Fenians to bring the mountain to them. So they come in thousands and tens of thousands to the ready-made American Republic, rather than look for one of talk in their own country.

THE POPULAR VOTE.

President JOHNSON appealed from Congress to the People. The supporters of Congress assented and agreed to abide by the result. The October elections resulted in overwhelming Republican majorities in the States that voted then. Of the twelve that voted on Tuesday last, ten went the same way, to wit:

Massachusetts	70,000
New York	12,000
New Jersey	3,000
Illinois	49,000
Michigan	80,000
Wisconsin	18,000
Missouri	20,000
Kansas	10,000
Minnesota	6,000

On the other side stand rebel-conquered Maryland with some 5,000 majority—composed entirely of returned rebels—and always rebel Delaware, with about 1,000.

The verdict is as emphatic as any that was ever given by the American people. What says Mr. JOHNSON?

GOVERNOR SWANN made an after-election speech in Baltimore, when he took special occasion to say that all the military preparations made with reference to the local difficulties "were made by ANDREW JOHNSON," and nobody else. GEN. GRANT, he said, was there "merely as a citizen disrobed of office, hoping to bring about a settlement." We hardly think the General was there entirely "disrobed of office," though it is not to be doubted that he did his best to prevent a collision.

MR. SEWARD AND HIS PROPHECIES.

The right of any man to predict future events, if he is able, we do not call in question, although we reserve the right to give his performance as little faith as we please. But we are not so free to admit the propriety of a public functionary making traffic of his accredited sagacity by making a party argument of his predictions, until they are verified by events. At any rate, he is to be held to his argument, in the sense in which he used it, although it turns against him. This is precisely Mr. SEWARD's unfortunate position.

A couple of months ago in a speech at Niagara, during the famous tour, he put himself seriously upon the prophetic office and uttered the following words: "I want the Republicans to nominate the man (FENTON) they intend to nominate for Governor of the State of New York, to test their principles, and in the election now some weeks off, if he is not defeated by a majority of forty thousand, do not call me a prophet."

The Republicans did nominate the man. They nominated him to test their principles, which Mr. SEWARD was opposed to. He anticipated Mr. FENTON's defeat by a majority of 40,000. That defeat would be fairly interpreted, according to Mr. SEWARD, as the condemnation of Republican principles, and an approval of those which Mr. JOHNSON and Mr. SEWARD were peripatetically advocating on their tour. But Mr. FENTON *was not defeated* by 40,000 majority, and so Mr. SEWARD's prophetical "rough garment worn to deceive," drops from his person, and leaves the world free to regard him as no prophet. Mr. FENTON was elected by 12,000 majority. Nor do figures alone furnish the measure of the triumph of *Republican principles* in the case. Mr. FENTON was opposed by the formidable liquor interest of New York City. He was also opposed on account of extensive dissatisfaction with his exercise of pardoning power. In fact, there seems to have been but one thing to secure his success, and that was the grand test question involved in *Republican principles*, so that, a fair reckoning on that ground alone would give him a majority of 40,000 rather than a defeat by that number.

Well, Mr. SEWARD's prophetic fame being reduced to a negative quantity, how shall it be with his honesty as a statesman and a constitutional adviser of the President? Even a man of his sagacity may err in a calculation, but a man of his intellectual might and acuteness cannot plead error in his argument. If 40,000 majority against Mr. FENTON, the *test* man, whom Mr. SEWARD wanted the Republicans to nominate, would have been a condemnation of Republican principles, his triumphant election must be a condemnation of the *antagonistic principles* of Mr. SEWARD and the President. Honesty as a statesman and chief adviser of the President, suggests that he should meet the condition implied in his own argument, and tell the President and the country plainly that he has been mistaken, and, as a consequence, should abandon the policy that has caused already so much disorder and discredit to the country. If Mr. SEWARD shall do this, or something equivalent to it, although we shall avail ourselves of his permission not to call him a prophet, we shall have much greater pleasure in reckoning him a wise statesman and an honest man.

GOVERNOR BROWNLOW'S MESSAGE.

The Legislature of Tennessee convened on Monday, the 5th inst., and the message of Governor BROWNLOW was sent in and read the next day. It is a clear, dignified and moderately long document, setting forth the condition of the State, with sufficient detail to give even the distant reader an understanding of the state of the country and the tone of mind prevailing among the people. The harmony that has been restored, and the great body of the people have quietly pursued their several callings. The chief troubles and difficulties are ascribed to evil disposed and turbulent politicians who have sought to disturb the repose of the people, and have disgraced a few localities by riots and their attendant crimes.

Among the suggestions and recommendations made to the Legislature, the Governor notices the franchise law, which he deems to require some amendment. In this connection is introduced the subject of impartial franchise, or in plain terms the subject of negro suffrage, where, we think, the Governor takes about the same ground that he occupied in his speech, and that "in Tennessee he would endeavor to introduce negro suffrage," and would *begin* with admitting three classes of negroes to vote—"those who had served in the army; those who could read and write, and those having a property qualification of $200 or $250." The Governor states that under the Constitutional Amendment, the representation of the State in the General Government would be six members, and with negro suffrage it would be nine, or an increase of fifty per centum. At present the right of suffrage is restricted to loyal white citizens.

Tennessee has already shown from this message, may be taken as a fair type of the States lately in rebellion. The same ideas and prejudices are current. The same mixture of loyal and seditious people makes up its population. All the difference is, that it is somewhat in advance of the rest, by first getting on the right road for restoration. The rebels in the reconstructed State of Tennessee are no more contented or peaceable than they are in the other States where relations to the Union remain suspended. Their antipathy to the United States Government is in no degree abated, and their efforts to revolutionize the State Government, are the subject of decided treatment in Governor BROWNLOW's message. As in Missouri and Maryland, so in Tennessee, the State owes its continued troubles and disorders to their machinations.

The extension of suffrage, with proper qualifications, to all loyal citizens, without regard to color, Governor BROWNLOW seems to regard, not only as in accord with the prevailing sentiment of the loyal people, but also as the only means of securing the Southern States from the anarchy and misrule that unprincipled rebels would introduce into them.

IS THE AMENDMENT A FINALITY?

The Washington *Chronicle* publishes a letter written by Hon. E. A. POWELL, Montgomery, Alabama, to Colonel FORNEY, and the reply of that gentleman, on the subject of the finality of the Amendment. The gist of Mr. Powell's letter is contained in the inquiry: "Suppose the Amendment to be adopted by Alabama, "will anything else be required by Congress from that State?"

Colonel FORNEY's letter contains much beside a direct answer, but he gives it, finally, in the following explicit language: "And now I have to say in reply to your question, that if Alabama and the other Southern States were even at this late day cordially and promptly to consent to the conditions therein contained, in my opinion nothing else will be required by the Federal Government in order that the people of the States shall be restored to all their rights under the Constitution." Such undoubtedly was the determination of the large majority of Congress when that body adjourned on the 28th of July, and such would I believe be the response of the triumphant people of the North and West at the present time."

Colonel FORNEY then proceeds to argue that, in the face of the opposition arrayed against the Amendment, favorable action on the part of the South by Legislatures is simply impossible." But, he observes:

"Alabama, in the face of this opposition, can ratify the constitutional